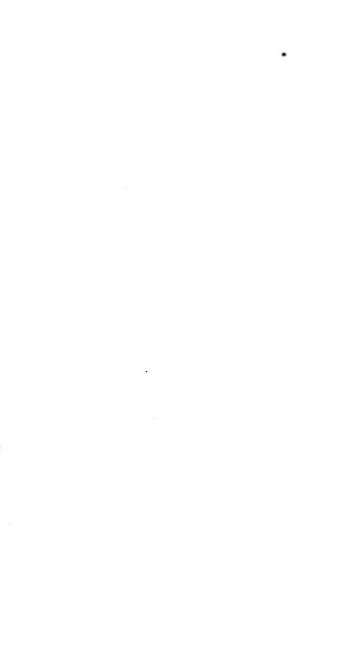
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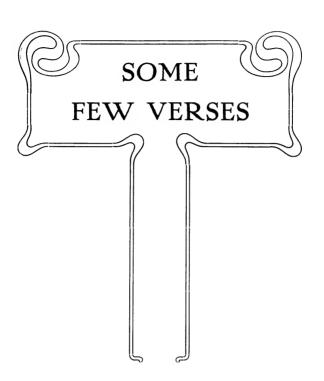
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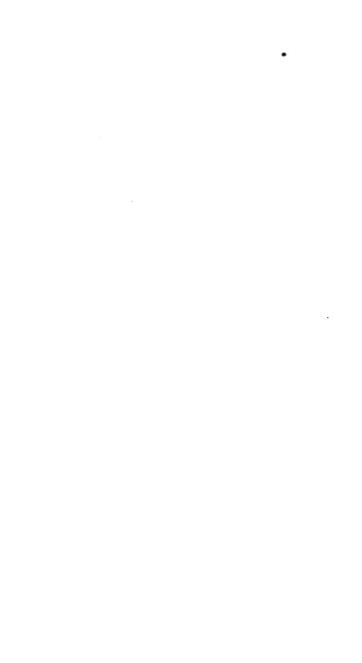
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 T_o

A. L. D.



FOREWORD

THESE verses have not been written and thus printed with the expectation, or even the desire, for that matter, that the world at large should peruse them and hail them with joy. Rather have they been written for my own satisfaction and published on the same score. Primarily, as scrutiny of any sort will proclaim, they are first efforts and should so be judged.

My inspiration has been received from variant sources, but I must at least acknowledge the debt I owe to certain of the world's noblest, such as Keats, Sydney Lanier and others of that great company. I must furthermore make note of my comradeship with C. H. D., whose unfailing appreciation of all in Nature has taught me new aspects of Beauty, never before understood, and whose even and just criticism has ever been most helpful. Lastly to my dear parents and to "A. L." I must speak a word of gratitude for the encouragement which they always bestowed upon me in my estimation of the better things of Life, out of which estimation were born these slight verses of mine.



The CALL of THE SEA

H. COME! Oh, come this eve and search the sand,

The ever-stretching sand,

The never-ending sand,

And watch where breaks the spray

Of the sea upon the narrow lip of the land,

The hungry land of gray.

Full runs the tide; fierce blows the gale this night,

God help the souls this night,

God help the souls this night,

Who never more will roam

The seas; who never more will have the sight

Of friends and distant home!

Oh, long we watch and search along the sand,

The moving, shifting sand,

The sobbing, moaning sand, -

And where, this night, is cast

The dead - all stark and cold - upon the land,

To find their rest at last!

The SONG of THE TRAPPER

I

FROM out of the woods to the North, I come,
The great, green woods of spruce,

And o'er my back are tightly slung

My furs and pelts of moose.

Full twenty days on the trail I've come

With ne'er an hour held back;

With eager hopes I seek the town,

To sell my bursting pack.

The job was hard, - from Winter's icy grasp

My scanty profits won.

But Spring is here, - the snow has gone,

By faith! My work is done!

And then I've a lass at the fort,

As sprightly as a fawn,

With straight black hair and dusky skin,

And lips red as the dawn.

So out of the woods to the North, I come,

The great, green woods of spruce,

And o'er my back are tightly slung

My furs and pelts of moose.

The SONG of THE TRAPPER

П

Now back again to the hills I come,

To the hills beyond the sun,

While o'er my back are tightly slung

My traps and rusty gun.

My reckless soul its song has sung
In deeds of lustful rout.

To every town on the river I've been,

Each one has driven me out.

My bonnie girl has left me, too,

When all my cash had fled.

But what care I for straight, black hair, Or lips however red?...

But long's the trail, and scarce begun

That leads to the woods of green,

Yet it's good to Northward bound Where's cold the wind, and keen.

So back again to the hills I come,

To the hills beyond the sun, While o'er my back are tightly slung

My traps and rusty gun.

A SONG of THE SPRING

THE wistful whisper of the breeze
Of springtime's night is stirring round
And down the ghostly aisles of dreams
The gentle chatter of the streams
Comes floating, halting, like the sound
Of children's prattle, through the trees.

The soft wind speaks the heart of the wood,

Of many a thing that lives and sings

Within the shadows, so misty dim,

Where the gray owl whoops; at the rim

Of the sky, the song of the night bird rings,

And sings again the spring night's mood.

: : : : :

The night time, the dream-time of spring is going,

The half moon hangs low in the blue-gray arches

Of earth and sky; and through the larches

That top the hill, the sun is glowing.

The REVERIE

FULL brims my heart to-night; too full it brims with memories dear

Of by-gone days, - those days of passion deep when thou wert near!

Those days were long, - ah! long ago, - but brightly burns the lamp

Of memory still. Again I kiss thy face, - dear face, - all damp With gladsome tears; again at dusk I sit alone with thee And watch the dark of night steal in, far o'er the silver sea.

For now I am an old and life-worn soul, but still of thee I dream and dream all time. Oh! come, I beg, again to me, For then we'll sail the purple sea of dreams to that far land Of Yesterday; and there, dear heart, upon that golden strand We'll live, - and yes! again at dusk I'll sit alone with thee And watch the dark of night steal in, far o'er the silver sea.

OUT IN THE DUSK

I

OUT in the dusk,

In the mist-purpled air,

Wait I for thee

By the trysting tree,

Sweetheart so fair.

While low lulls the wind through the leaves.

And the flute-throated thrush in the wood

Throbs his sobbing note to the breeze.

H

Tender with love,

In the mist-purpled air,

Meet we this night,

In the faint twilight,

Sweetheart so fair,

While softly the wind dies away,

And the flute-throated thrush in the wood Pipes his song of the soft-fading day.

OUT IN THE DUSK

Ш

Parting must come,

In the mist-purpled air, -

Here's an end to bliss

And the last, long kiss,

Sweetheart so fair,

For lone gleams one star in the west,

While hushed is the thrush in the wood

And the singer gone to his nest.



A FRAGMENT

LOVE thee, soul of mine; 'tis thee
I'd seek, across the years, beyond the sun and sea,
To press thee close to me, - full breast to breast
In throbbing ecstasy!

The CHANSON D'AMOUR

From the French of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas"

H, WHY, my Love, why list to the song
That rings from the woodland bird,
When in thy voice the tenderest
Love-note of all is heard?

The stars may gleam, the stars may dim,

As God may deem it right;

But in thine eyes' clear depths there burns

The star of brightest light.

The garden blooms beneath the spell

Of the drenching April shower;
But in thy heart alone there lives

The purest, sweetest flower.

This bird that sings of passion pure:

This star that burns above;

This flower that lives within the heart:
They all spell perfect love!

The DOUBTER PRAYS

H, GOD, I pray to be like other men!

Let me behold Thy face, let me but hear

Thy word! But give me passion strong and dear;

The strength to see beyond this boundless fen

Of doubt, where things do move outside my ken,

And where I grope alone in darkness drear;

On lips that should be kind the mocking leer

I see. Oh, what shall be my judgment then?

I knew that Christ did bear the Cross, - must I

A cross as heavy bear of doubt, and ban

Of people's taunts? I beg for pure insight,

For pity deep, and tender love from man,

My brother dear. Oh, must I question why,

And wherefore long, yet never see Thy light?

ON READING KEATS

H, wond'rous Keats, thou brother god with Pan,
Thou glorious singer, would that thou wert here,
With pipe and lute, to cheer the world, so drear,
With smoke of trade; thou couldst lift the ban
That now o'er-shades and chokes the verse of man; Thou knew the depth of Truth, thou wert the seer
Who felt the spell of Beauty far and near,
And Beauty being there, thy song began!
Yes, thy pure spirit knew not the taint
Of gold and sordid things, - thy inward eye
Saw but that pageant bright, of peace and strife,
Of teeming earth and ever arching sky, Till thy soul responding, did bid thee paint

In verses immortal, this glorious life.

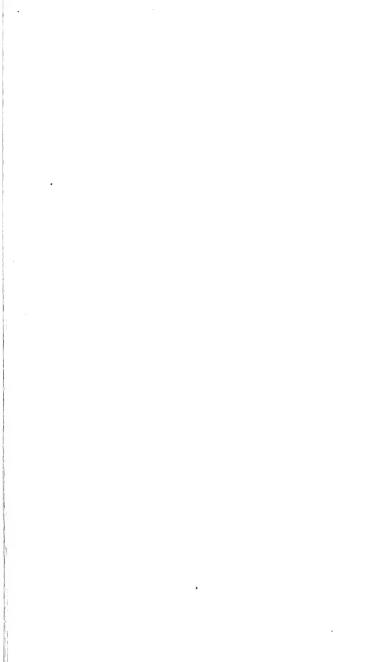
TO RICHARD JEFFERIES

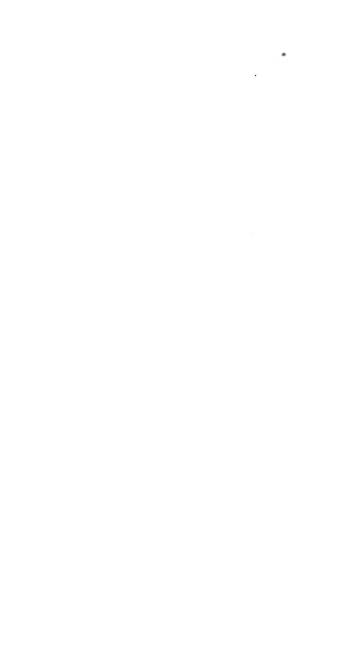
H, POET, thou one of fields and woods, thou son
Of wind-swept, sun-kissed downs, who loved the earth
And sky, the whole deep universe; - thy birth
In life was quite beyond the common run
Of men; thy soul with Nature's soul was one, For thou at dusk did love to hear the mirth
That dwells within the throstle's song, since worth
Of life, for thee, in Nature, was sought and won.
Ever and forever thy message goes
To greet those men who love the earth and sea,
Who feel with thee and Thoreau dear, that Life
Doth dwell in Nature's heart, and Destiny
And Truth belongs to him alone who knows

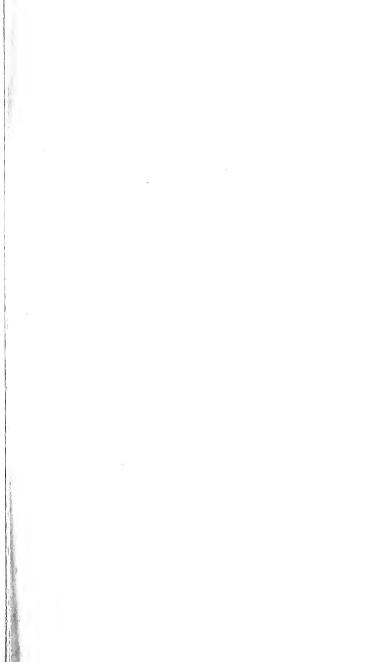
The Way and looks beyond earth's petty strife.

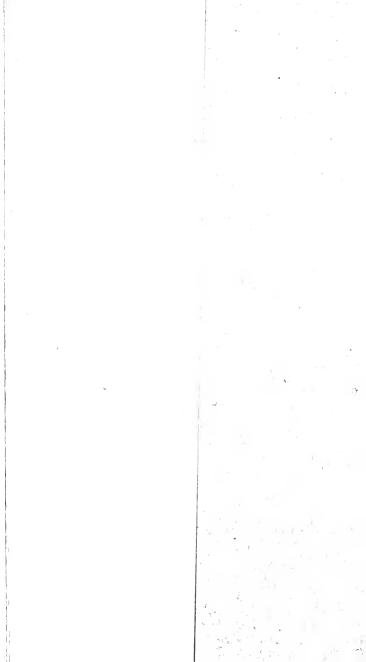
ON MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

THIS portrait is my mother's face; quite right,
It is a handsome face, - the hair of gray.
Those well set eyes, - quite dark they are in day.
At dusk, a glowing, hazel hue, yet night
Or day, within their tender depths, the bright
Pure lamps of love doth show to me the way
Across the Sea of Life. They seem to say
"Keep this and unto you will come the Light!"
And so I love thee, mother, with love that rings
So true, - beyond the reach of words; I know
I am thy blood of blood, thy bone of bone,
But still I crave to have the strength to show
The same rare spirit for the Truth of Things,
And hope and years to live as thou hast done.









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